



CEMETERY DANCE PRESENTS GRAVE TALES

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RICK HAUTALA RICHARD LAYMON EDWARD LEE

suggested for mature readers

ERIK
1999

CEMETERY DANCE PRESENTS GRAVE TALES

ISSUE #1 DECEMBER 1999

LATE SUMMER SHADOWS - STORY BY RICK HAUTALA
ART BY GLENN CHADBOURNE

COMES THE NIGHT WIND, COLD AND HUNGRY -
- ADAPTED BY EDWARD LEE
BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY
BY GENE MICHAEL HIGNEY
ART BY ERIK WILSON

STICKMAN - ORIGINAL STORY BY RICHARD LAYMON
ADAPTED BY ERIK WILSON AND WILL RENFRO

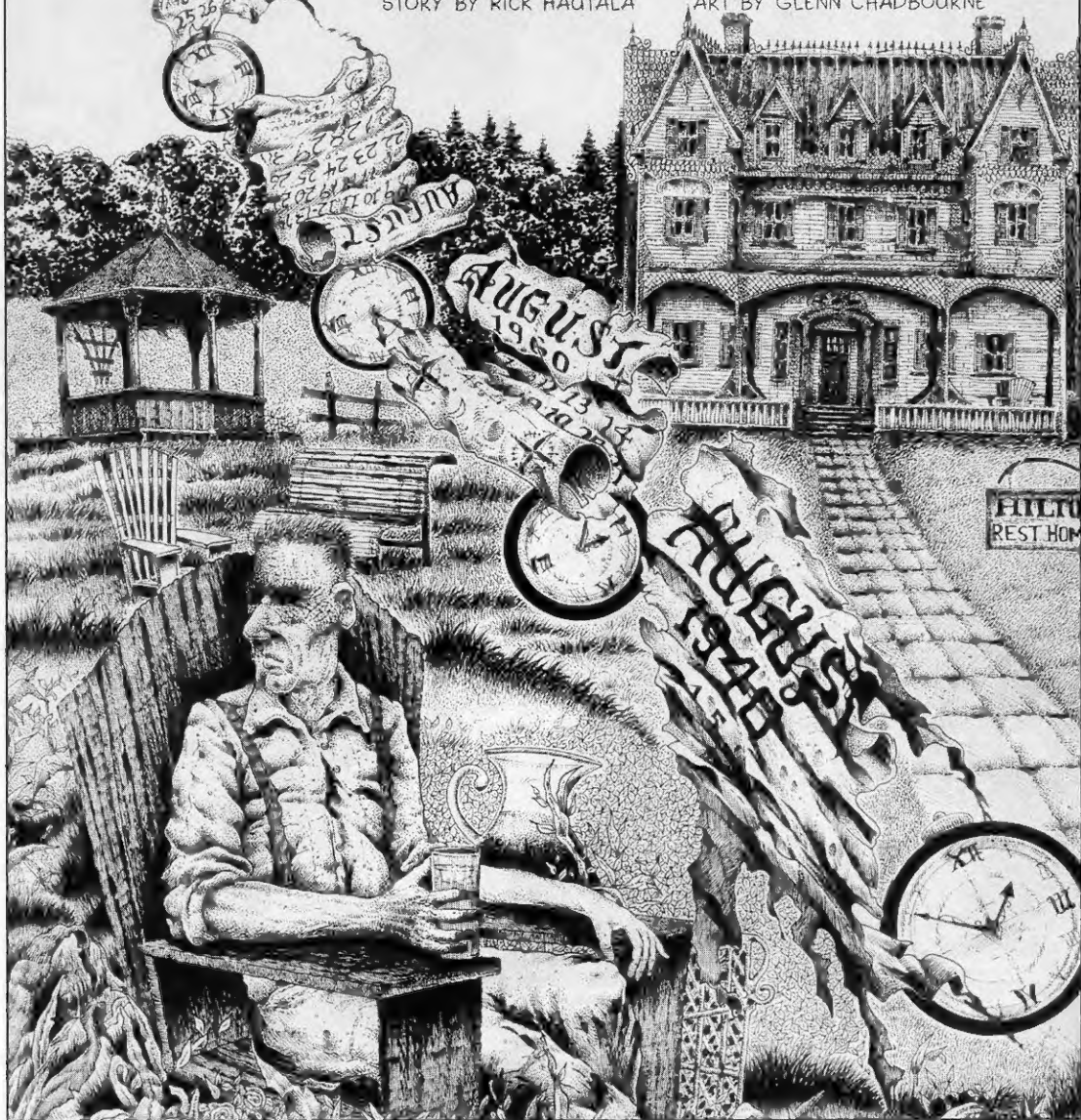
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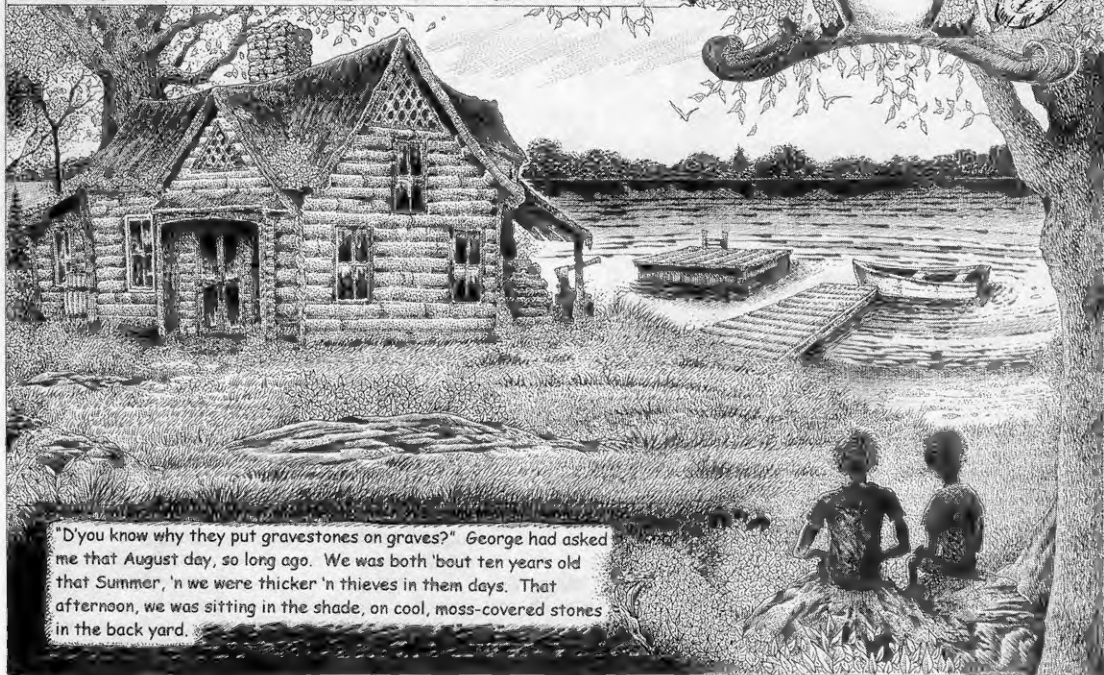
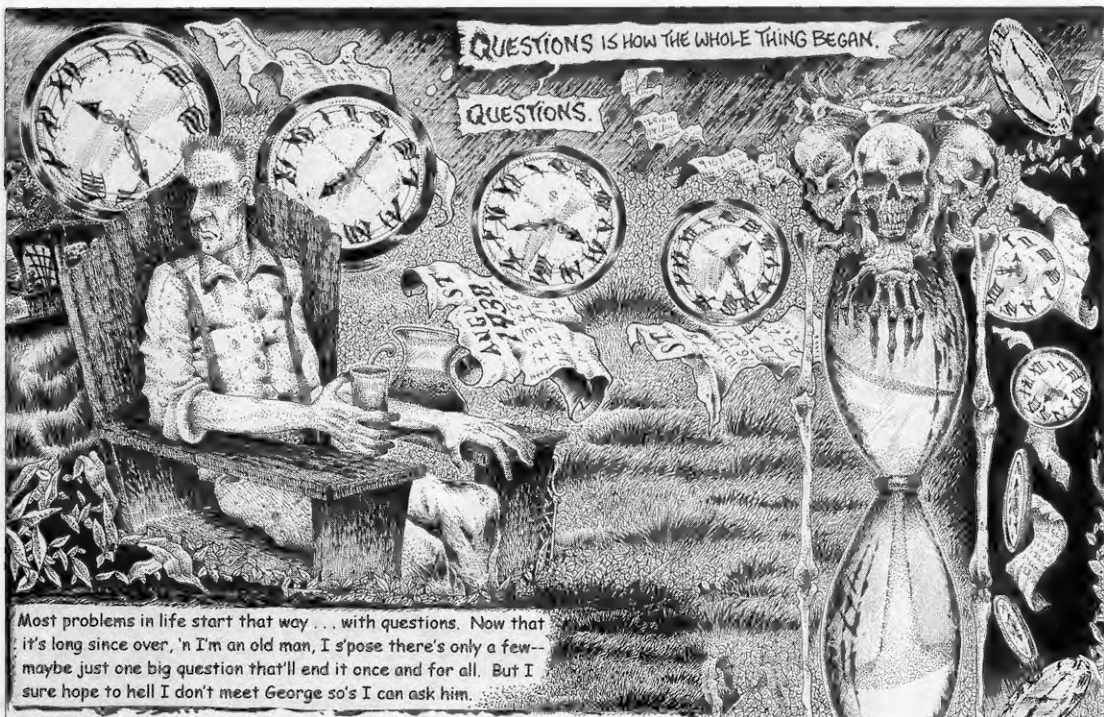
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LATE SUMMER SHADOWS

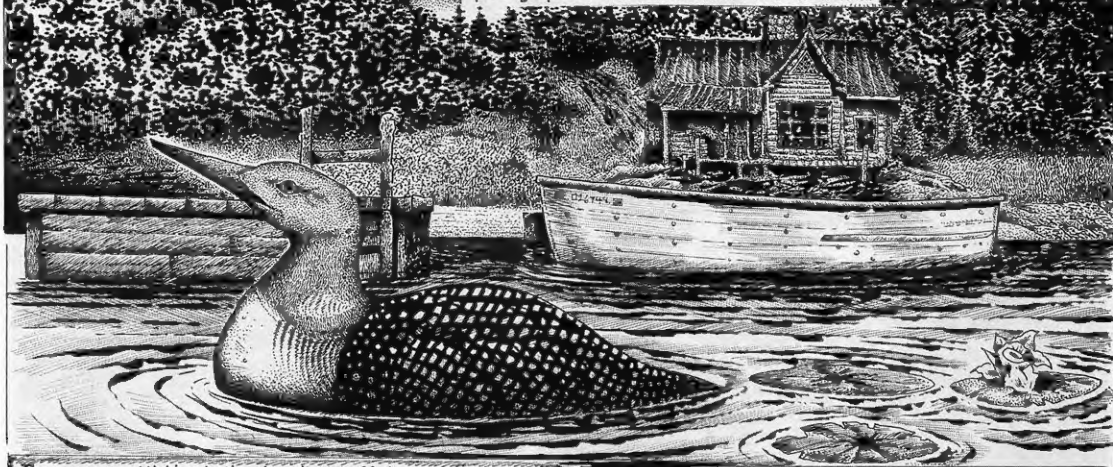
STORY BY RICK HAUTALA

ART BY GLENN CHADBOURNE





My mother and me was visiting George and his family at their Summer camp on Little Sebago. They had a place down on Campbell Shore Road, and we generally spent a week or two there with 'em every Summer, usually in August. My father had died six years before, in France, fightin' the Kaiser's army. I was only four at the time he died, so my memory of him ain't so good. I s'pect I have no real memory of him at all—it's just that I've heard so much about him 'n seen old photographs of him that I think I remember him.



The sun was gettin' low in the sky, glintin' off the water. Late afternoon shadows stretched across the lawn, lookin' thick—almost furry. It was still too warm to do anything as active as play croquet or badminton, so we was just settin' 'n talkin'.



"Don't be stupid," I said. "It's just to mark where the grave is--or who's buried down there." I remember thinkin' at the time that my voice sounded like I was on a vibratin' machine or somethin', but I didn't want George to know that his question had spooked me any. It didn't pay to let George know you was scared of anythin'.



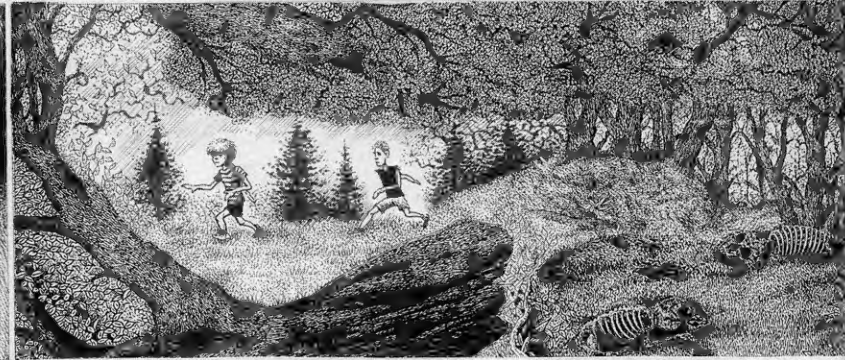
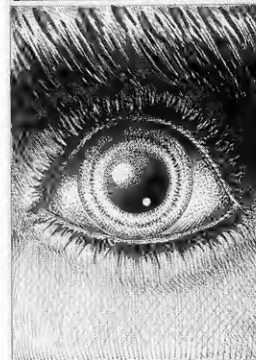
Now that I think about it, George had a kinda' unique talent. He could scowl 'n laugh at the same time. Try it some time, it ain't so easy as you think.



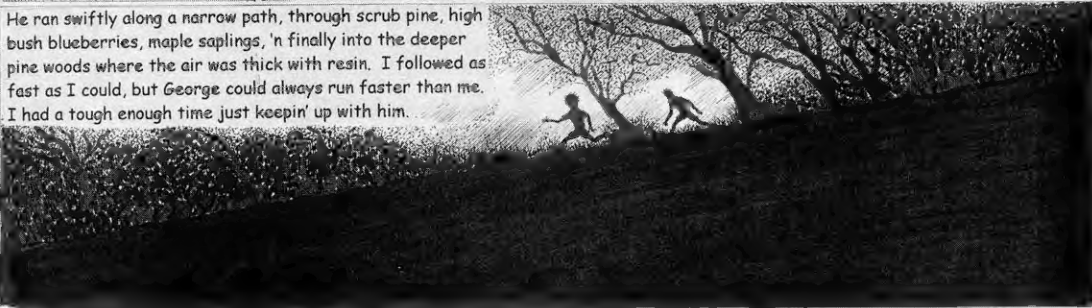
Anyway, I was saying-- when George asked me that question, I just sat there, staring at him for a moment or two, suspectin' it was some kinda' joke or somethin', 'n he had some silly arsed answer. George usually did things like that. 'Least ways, that's how I remember him.

He suddenly jumped to his feet and lit out towards the woods behind his folks camp.

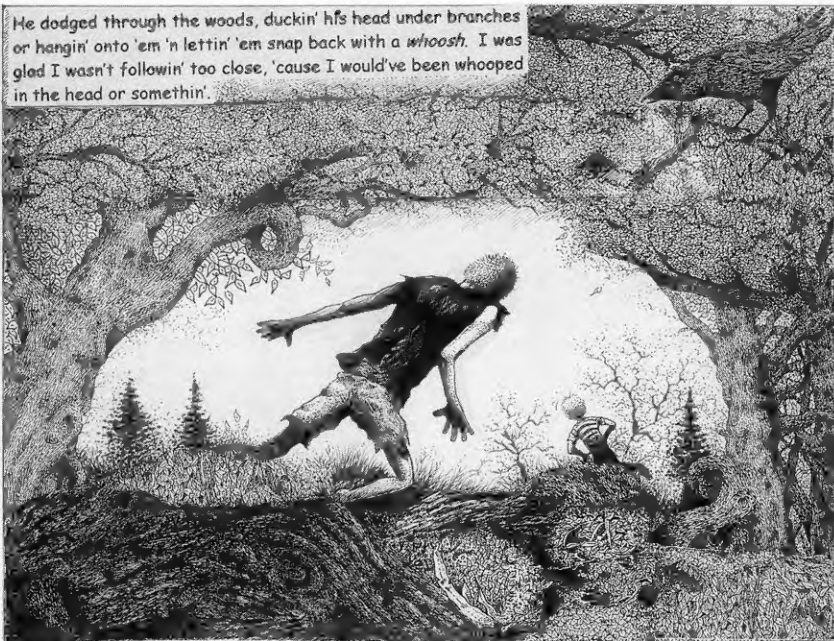




He ran swiftly along a narrow path, through scrub pine, high bush blueberries, 'n finally into the deeper pine woods where the air was thick with resin. I followed as fast as I could, but George could always run faster than me. I had a tough enough time just keepin' up with him.



He dodged through the woods, duckin' his head under branches or hangin' onto 'em 'n lettin' 'em snap back with a *whoosh*. I was glad I wasn't followin' too close, 'cause I would've been whooped in the head or somethin'.



I could tell by his general direction which way he was headed, toward the brook that ran between his family property and old man Kimball's. Whenever we played guns or whatever in the woods--which wasn't much lately 'cause we was gettin' older--we rarely came over the brook. After a heavy rain, the ground was all soggy 'n such.



Our parents warned us 'bout there bein' quicksand there, too. 'Course, I realize now they just told us that to keep us away from the brook.



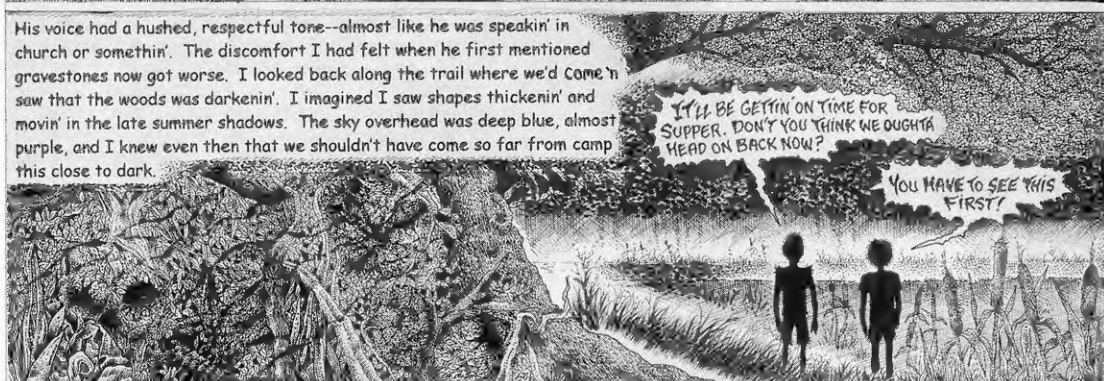
At last, George slowed his pace, but he was still a good fifty feet ahead of me when he stopped at the edge of the brook. Callin' it a *brook* really is an insult to them open-runnin', babblin' streams that can make a walk in the woods so pleasant. Kimball's brook--which was what we called it--was really more of a quagmire--thick, black mud and dense strands of cat-tails and black flag marked most of its course.



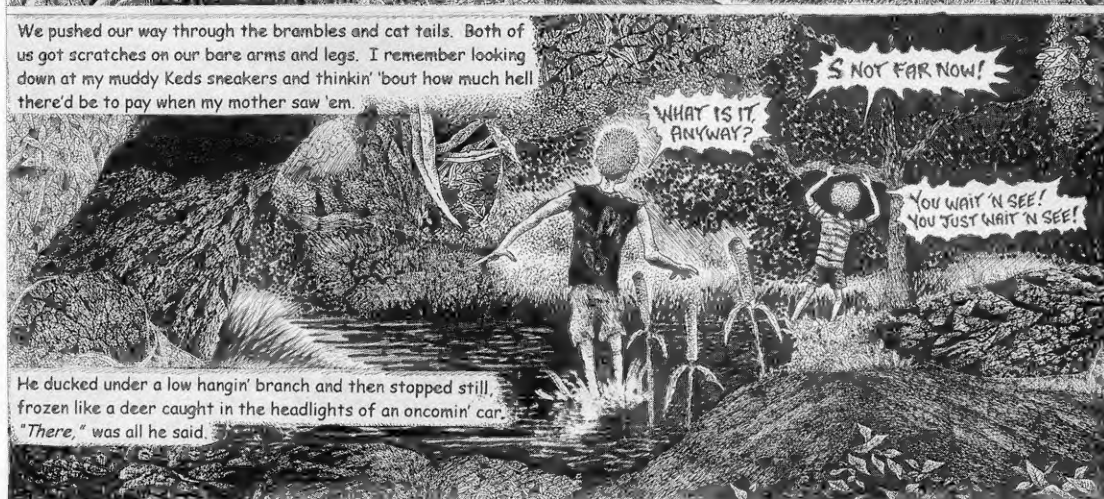
George stood there by the water, waitin' for me to catch up. My breath felt like a fire in my chest, but I tried not to pant too hard.



His voice had a hushed, respectful tone—almost like he was speakin' in church or somethin'. The discomfort I had felt when he first mentioned gravestones now got worse. I looked back along the trail where we'd come 'n saw that the woods was darkenin'. I imagined I saw shapes thickenin' and movin' in the late summer shadows. The sky overhead was deep blue, almost purple, and I knew even then that we shouldn't have come so far from camp this close to dark.



We pushed our way through the brambles and cat tails. Both of us got scratches on our bare arms and legs. I remember looking down at my muddy Keds sneakers and thinkin' 'bout how much hell there'd be to pay when my mother saw 'em.



He ducked under a low hangin' branch and then stopped still, frozen like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncomin' car. "There," was all he said.

When I got up to him, he stood to one side so's I could see. My gaze followed his pointin' finger. At first, I couldn't make out anything, it was so dark under that old tree where he was pointin'. Then--faintly--I thought I could make somethin' out . . . it looked like the outline of . . . somethin'.



THERE

Finally, realizing that
 George would take
 no for an answer, I
 moved over. When
 we both approached
 the stone, I pressed
 my shoulder to the
 stone, pulled out my
 heels as I pushed as

The stone reached its
 stick point, paused
 there for maybe one
 heartbeat, though I felt
 like forever, then toppled
 over.

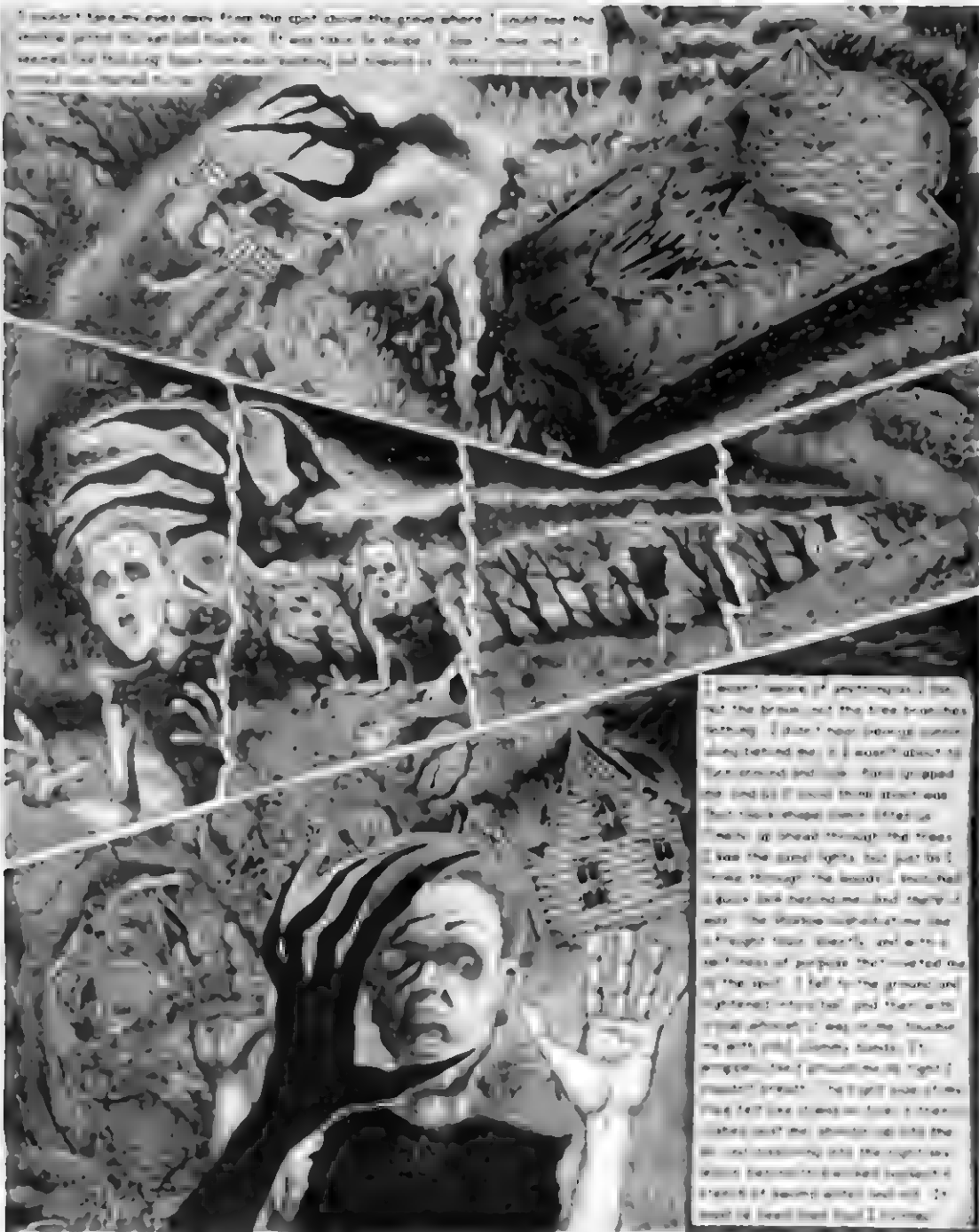
As the stone fell, it
 forward and fell about
 sprawling and landing
 surface. I barely
 edge of the graves
 anything. I wish I
 had no. I was sure
 stone, right out.

For the first time in
my life I saw surprise
and I think I'd be
fair to say genuine
fear on George's face.
He looked at me and
could tell by his
expression that he
was about to pass out.
He looked white as
sheet.

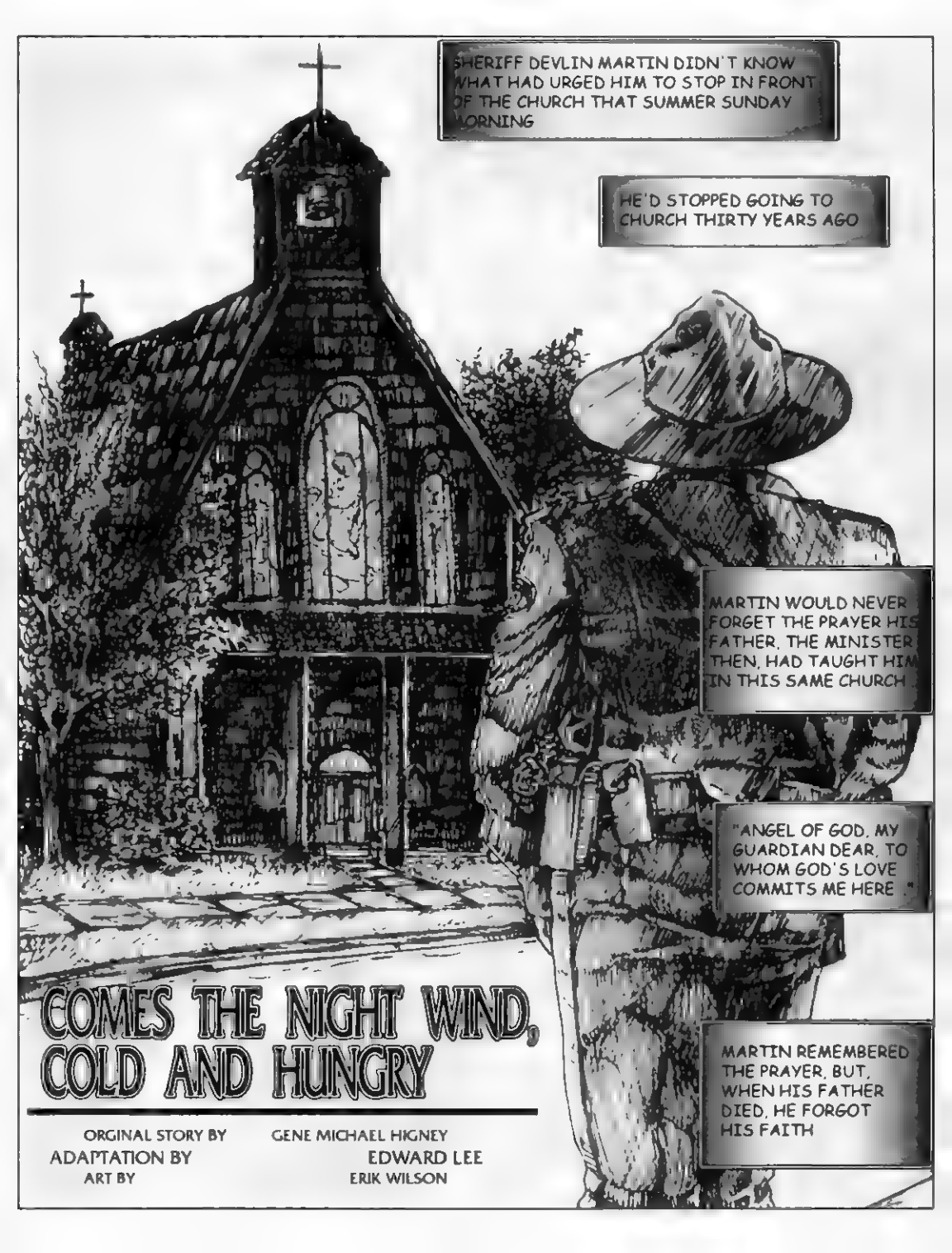
What a big day
for the little
people.

[illegible]

"I couldn't take my eyes away from the spot above the grave where I could see the devil's prints in the soil and flowers. It was there he slept. I saw I never and it seemed like thinking back on our meeting, and thinking of what might happen."



"I wasn't aware of anything at the time. The breeze in the trees kept me looking. I didn't hear anyone coming. They left me in it. I wasn't able to get around and the devil grabbed me and he took me to the spot where the devil's prints were. I saw the devil's prints in the soil and flowers. It was there he slept. I saw I never and it seemed like thinking back on our meeting, and thinking of what might happen."



SHERIFF DEVLIN MARTIN DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT HAD URGED HIM TO STOP IN FRONT
OF THE CHURCH THAT SUMMER SUNDAY
MORNING

HE'D STOPPED GOING TO
CHURCH THIRTY YEARS AGO

MARTIN WOULD NEVER
FORGET THE PRAYER HIS
FATHER, THE MINISTER
THEN, HAD TAUGHT HIM
IN THIS SAME CHURCH

"ANGEL OF GOD, MY
GUARDIAN DEAR, TO
WHOM GOD'S LOVE
COMMITS ME HERE"

MARTIN REMEMBERED
THE PRAYER, BUT,
WHEN HIS FATHER
DIED, HE FORGOT
HIS FAITH

COMES THE NIGHT WIND, COLD AND HUNGRY

ORIGINAL STORY BY
ADAPTATION BY
ART BY

GENE MICHAEL HIGNEY
EDWARD LEE
ERIK WILSON

THE SLEEPY TOWN OF PAYASO FALLS

PAYASO FALLS

POPULATION 3,457

SUDDENLY A TOWN GRIPPED IN TERROR



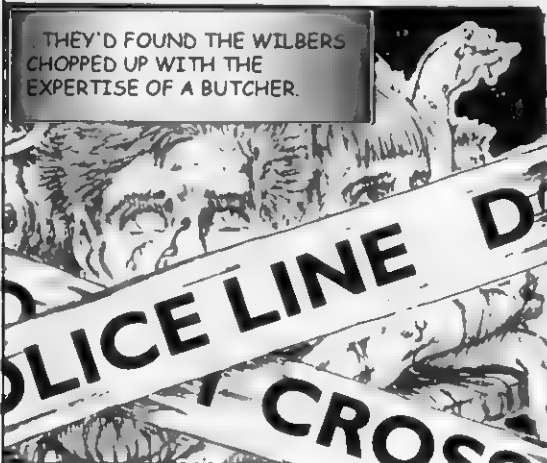
THREE NIGHTS AGO, OLD MRS GEHRIG HAD HEARD SCREAMS COMING FROM THE WILBER HOUSE...



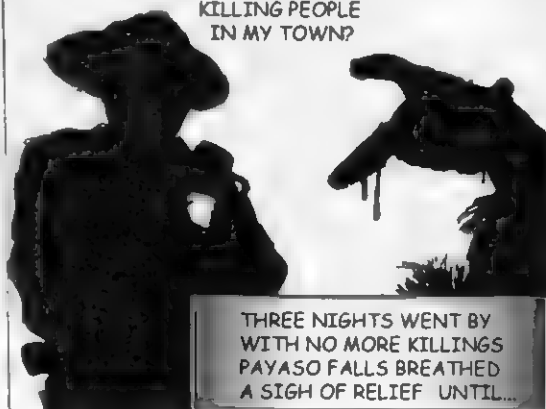
MY GOD,
THAT'S A...A...

AND HAD SEEN A CLOWN LEAVING THE HOUSE SHE'D CALLED THE POLICE AND

THEY'D FOUND THE WILBERS
CHOPPED UP WITH THE
EXPERTISE OF A BUTCHER.



A CLOWN?
KILLING PEOPLE
IN MY TOWN?



THREE NIGHTS WENT BY
WITH NO MORE KILLINGS
PAYASO FALLS BREATHED
A SIGH OF RELIEF UNTIL...

SIX MONTHS LATER...

RRRRING!

MUST BE THOSE DAMN
JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES
AGAIN.

RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF MY GAME!

RRRRRRING!


ALL RIGHT,
ALREADY!

I TOLD YOU PEOPLE
A MILLION TIMES, I'M
NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR...

WHA...

WHAT IN
GOD'S NAME...





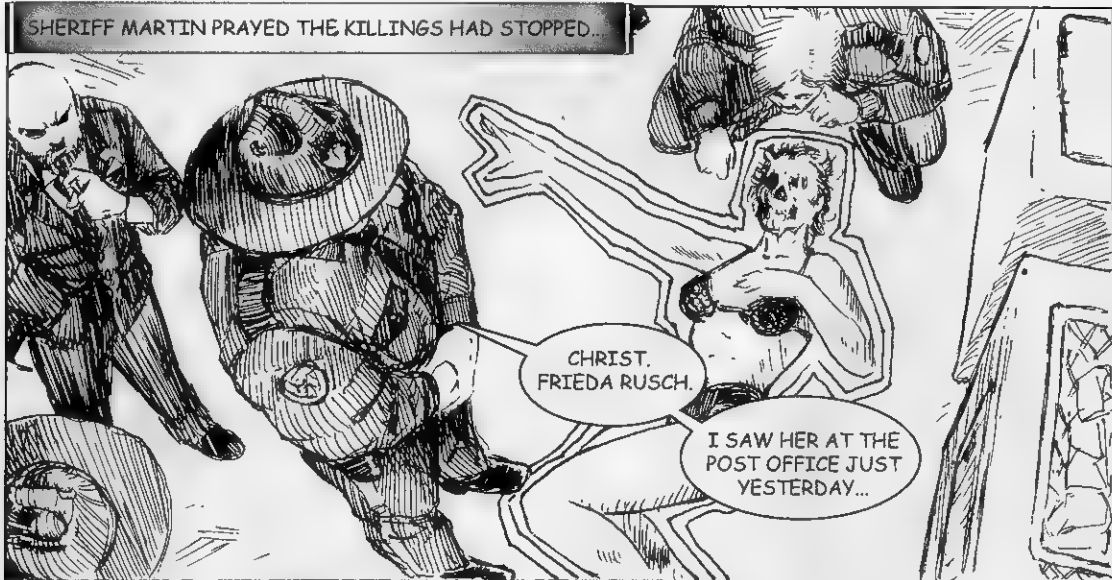
DAMN IT!
MY RED BLOUSE
AIN'T DRY YET!

A PRETTY
FLOWER...

FOR A
PRETTY GIRL...

FRIEDA SOON STOPPED WORRYING
ABOUT HER FAVORITE BLOUSE...

SHERIFF MARTIN PRAYED THE KILLINGS HAD STOPPED...



FORENSICS SAID HER
FACE WAS BURNED OFF WITH
SOME KIND OF ACID...

DAMN IT, KAREN, THE
WHOLE TOWN WANTS TO
KNOW WHY I HAVEN'T
CAUGHT THIS GUY YET.

YOU'RE
DOING THE
BEST YOU
CAN.

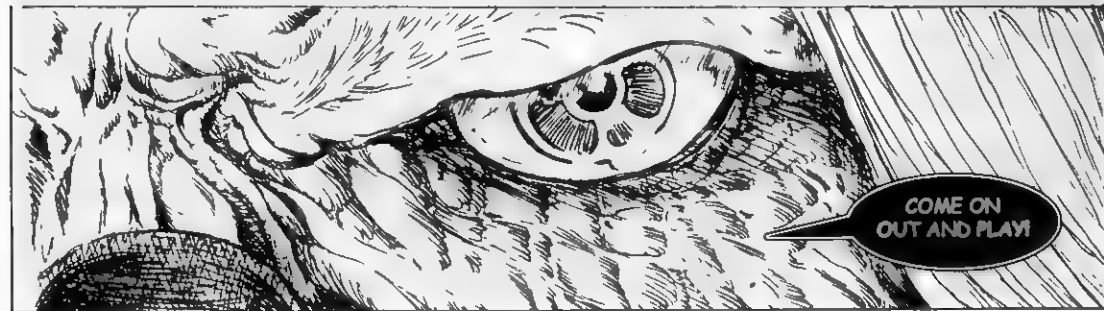
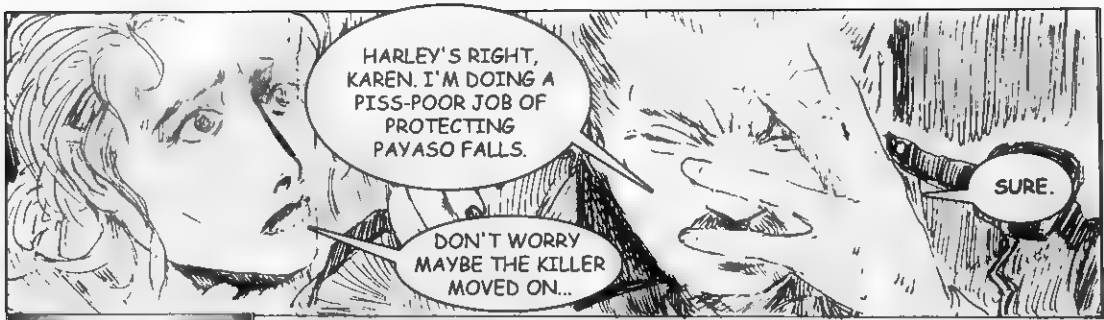
HOW HARD CAN
IT BE TO FIND A
DAMN CLOWN?

HEY, COP. YOU FOUND
THIS SON OF A BITCH YET,
OR IS THE WHOLE TOWN
FULL OF CLOWNS?

DON'T START, HARLEY.
I THREW YOU IN THE DRUNK
TANK LAST WEEK, I'LL DO IT
AGAIN TODAY.

AW, BULLSHIT. YOU CAN'T
EVEN PROTECT THIS TOWN!
NOT FROM A CLOWN!







THE MURDER OF LITTLE
MINDY STRAKER BLEW
THE LID OFF THE TOWN...

NO EVIDENCE, NO LEADS,
NOTHING ON WHICH TO
BASE AN INVESTIGATION.
MARTIN FELT HELPLESS...

WITH COPS LIKE
MARTIN, WE DON'T
NEED CRIMINALS!

NO
FIRE
SHERIFF
MARTIN!

WE WANT
ANSWERS

PROTECT
OUR
CHILDREN!

STOP
THE
KILLINGS!

OUT
WITH
MARTIN!

...AS THE MURDERS CONTINUED...

HOT RODDER JIMMY JALENE...



BIFF LEMMINGS...



...AND HIS WIFE, MARY.



JAN, THE FRIENDLY BARMAID
AT LEFTY'S SALOON...

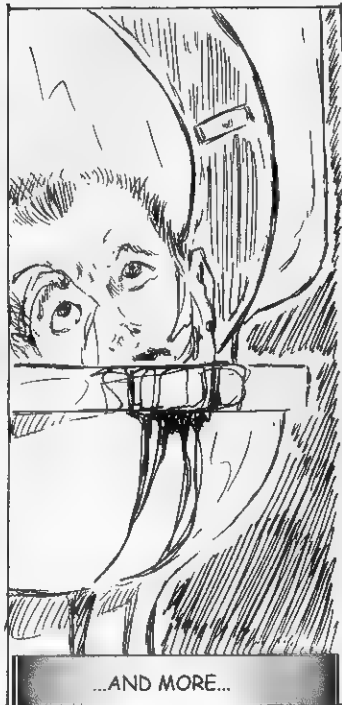
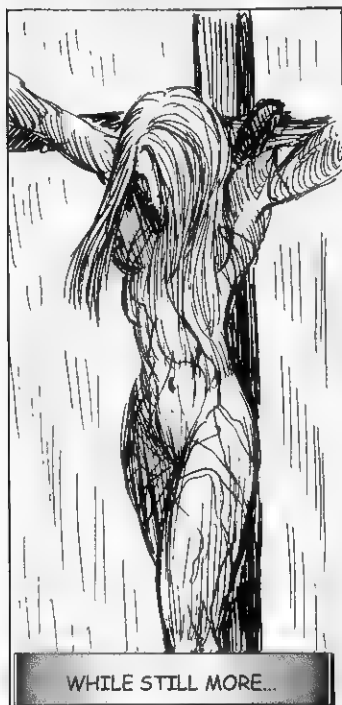
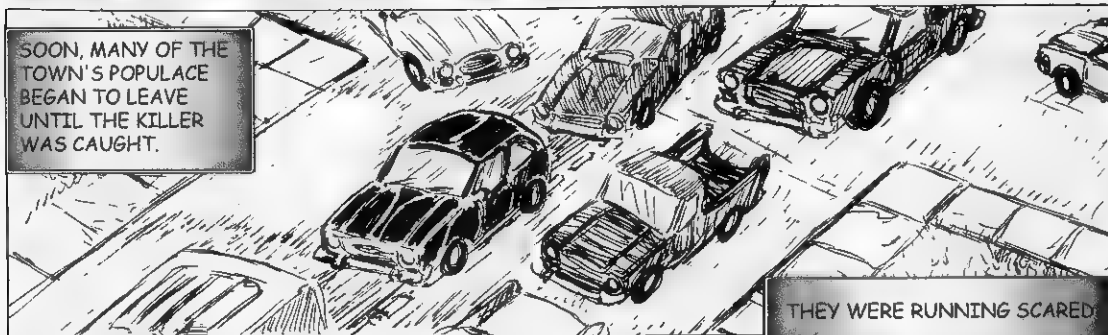
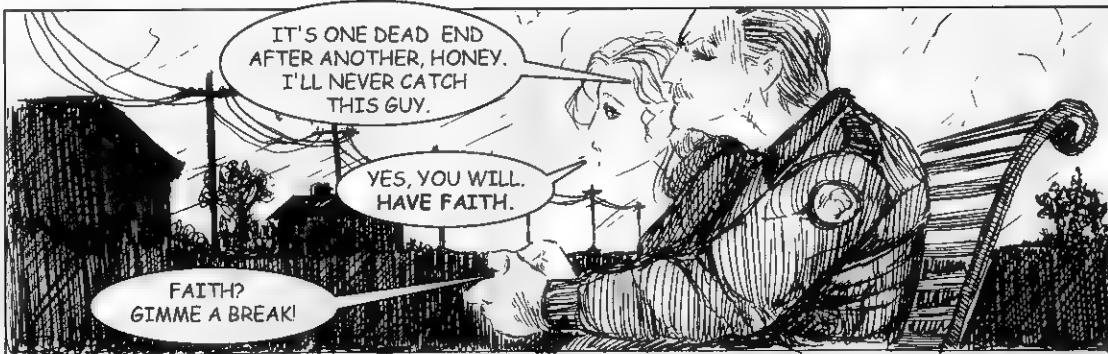


...AND LEFTY HIMSELF.



EVEN OLD MRS. GEHRIG.





MEANTIME, WITNESSES
CONTINUED TO SEE
THE CLOWN...

DEATH, DEATH, AND MORE DEATH.

I'VE GOT TO
NAIL THIS SON OF
A BITCH!

...AND SHERIFF MARTIN WAS
NO CLOSER TO CATCHING THE
KILLER THAN HE WAS FROM
DAY ONE.

...RUMORS EXPLODED THROUGH TOWN. FIRST,
THE KILLER MUST BE A VAGABOND WEARING
A CLOWN SUIT AT NIGHT...

WHERE
WERE YOU
LAST
NIGHT?

THEN IT WAS THE LOCAL HOODS

COME ON, SHERIFF,
I WAS WITH MY
GIRLFRIEND LAST NIGHT.

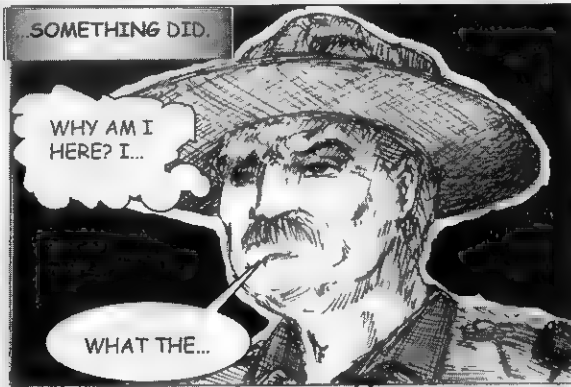
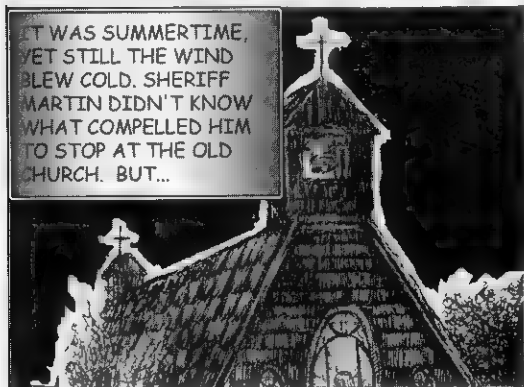
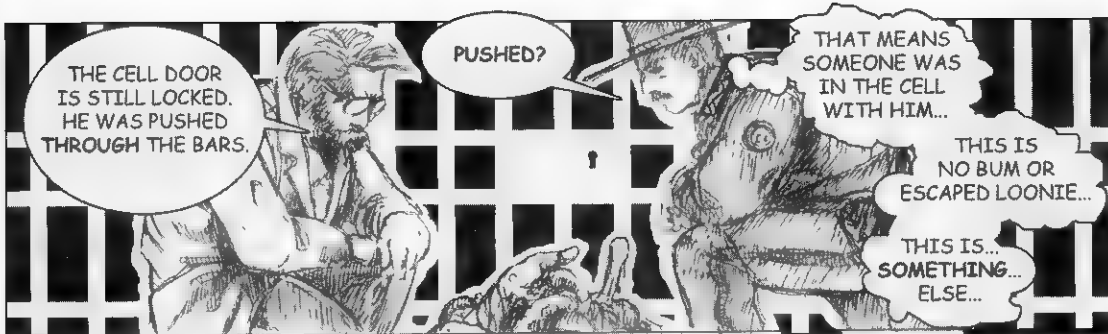
ASK HER.

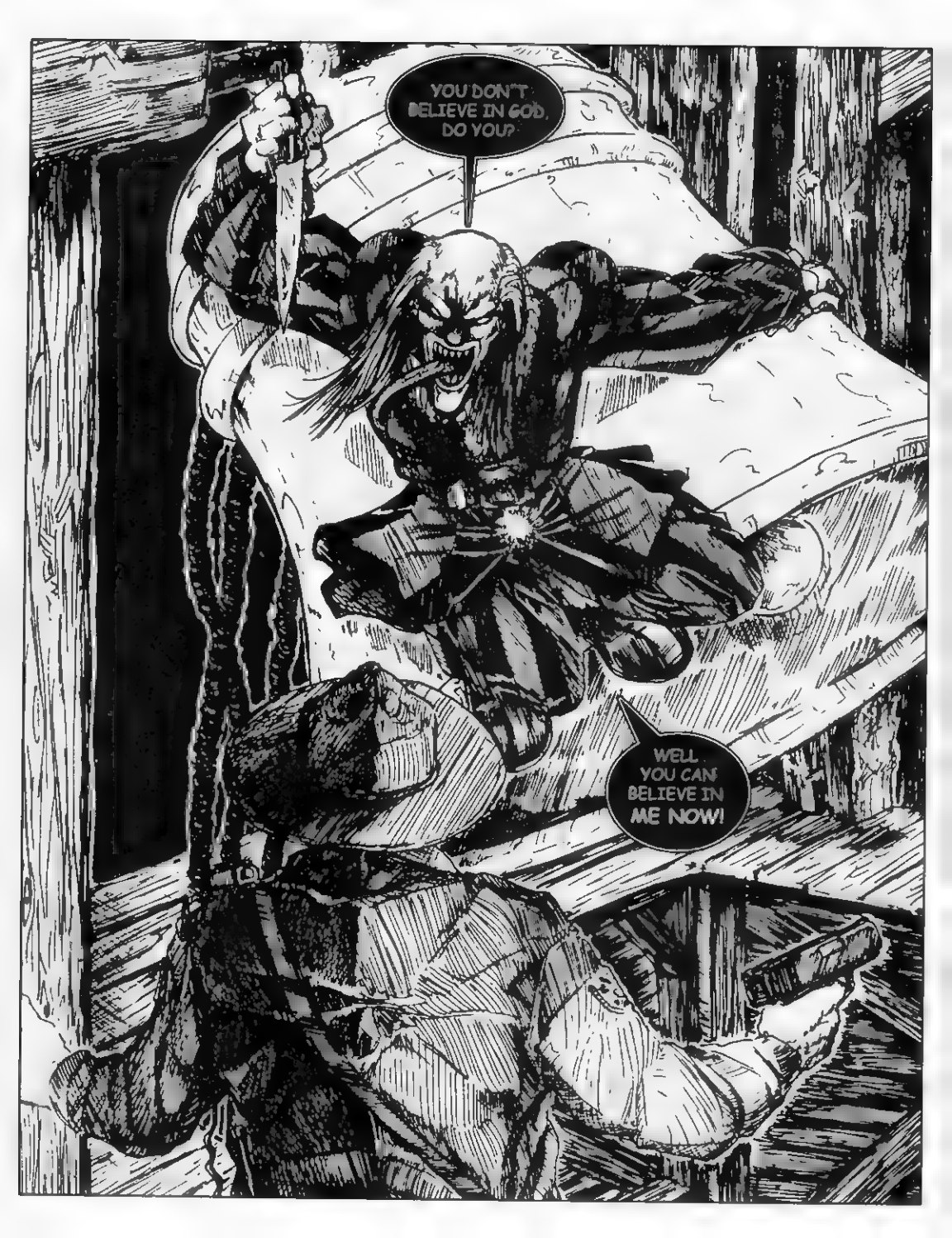
...THEN IT WAS AN ESCAPEE FROM
THE NEAREST MENTAL WARD...

NO, SHERIFF.
WE HAVEN'T HAD
A PATIENT ESCAPE
IN TWENTY YEARS.



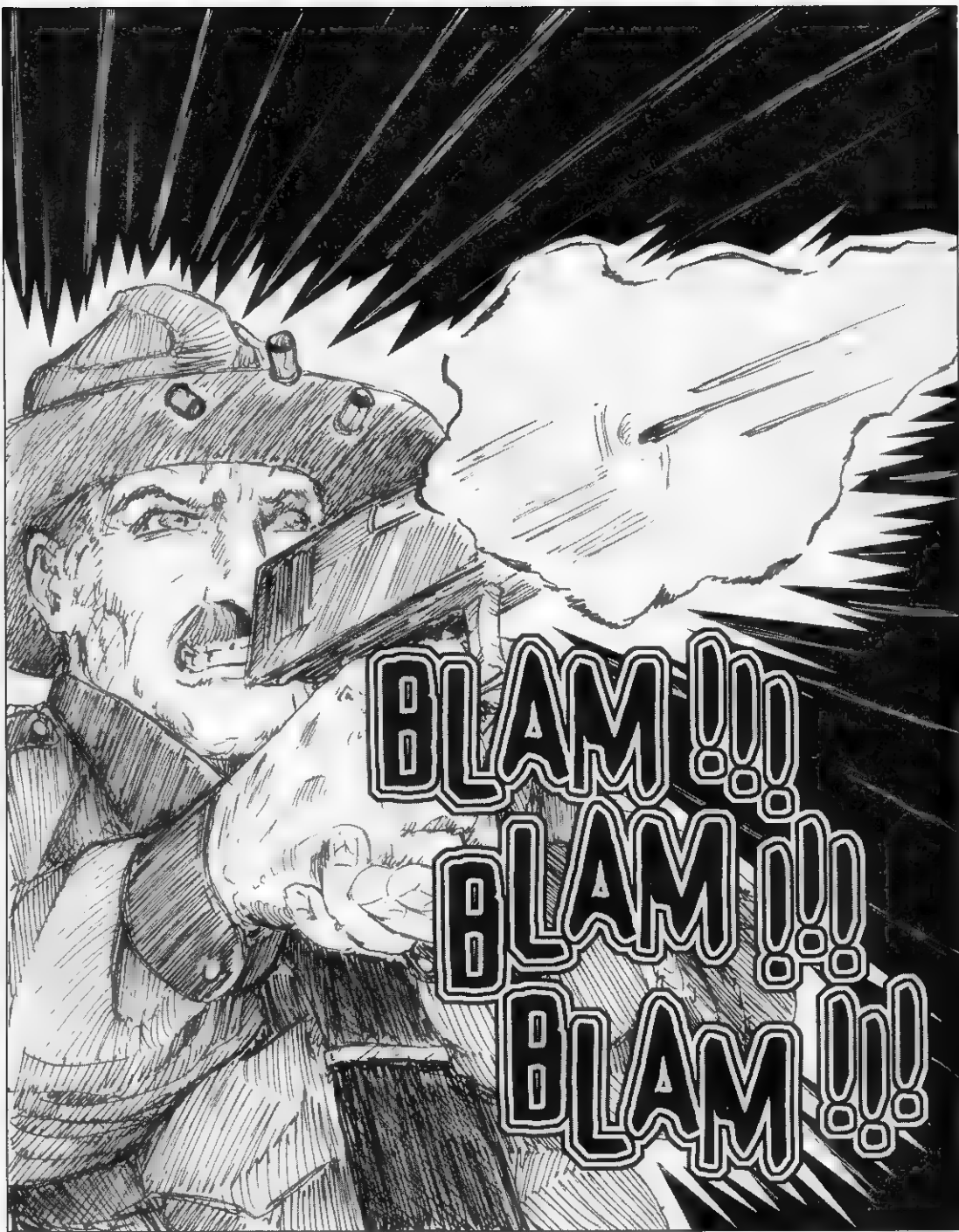


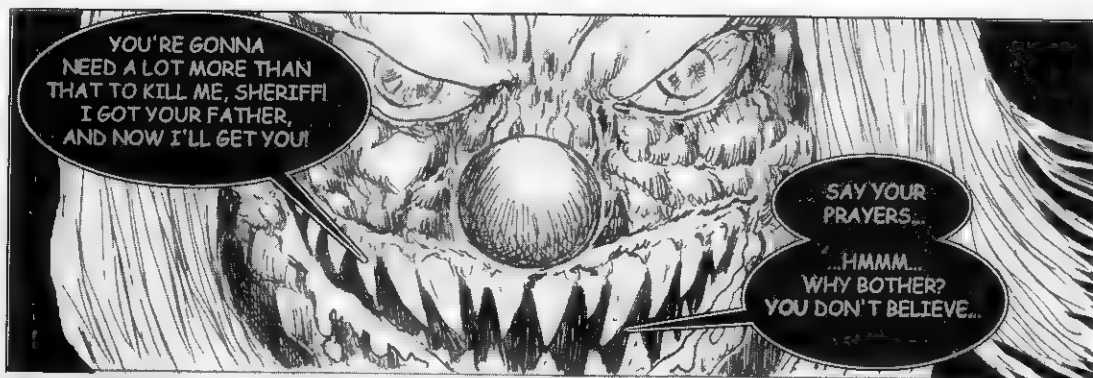




YOU DON'T
BELIEVE IN GOD,
DO YOU?

WELL
YOU CAN
BELIEVE IN
ME NOW!







REST IN PEACE, DAD

AND THANKS.



KARENI! KARENI!



IT'S
OVER...

THANK GOD,
YOU'RE OKAY!



YEAH...

...THANK GOD.

THE END



WE WERE ON A FORTY-MILE STRETCH OF BLACKTOP THROUGH CORNFIELDS AFTER TAKING IN A DOUBLE BILL BLOODFEST AT THE DRIVE-IN MOVIES OVER TO DARNELL, THE COUNTY SEAT.

THERE WERE FOUR OF US IN JOE'S OLD CONVERTIBLE.

THERE WAS JOE YOKUM AT THE WHEEL, OF COURSE.

UP THERE NEXT TO HIM SAT WINDY SUE MILLER.

I SAT IN THE REAR NEXT TO JENNIFER STYLES.

SHE WAS WINDY SUE'S COUSIN FROM LOS ANGELES. BEEN IN A FEW TV ADS, AND FIGURED SHE WAS MIGHTY HOT STUFF.

TOO HOT FOR THE LIKES OF ME, WHO SHE INSISTED ON CALLING "SPUD".

MY NAME'S NOT SPUD.
IT'S DWAYNE.

IT'S CLOSE JOE.
HIT THE LIGHTS.

ORIGINAL
STORY BY
RICHARD LAYMON

ADAPTED BY
ERIK WILSON
&
WILL RENFRO

STICKMAN



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
PUT THOSE LIGHTS BACK
ON RIGHT NOW!!!

WE GOTTA SORTA
CREEP THROUGH THIS
PART OF THE ROAD...

OR HE'LL GET US.



OH SURE.
HE WHO?



THE STICKMAN.



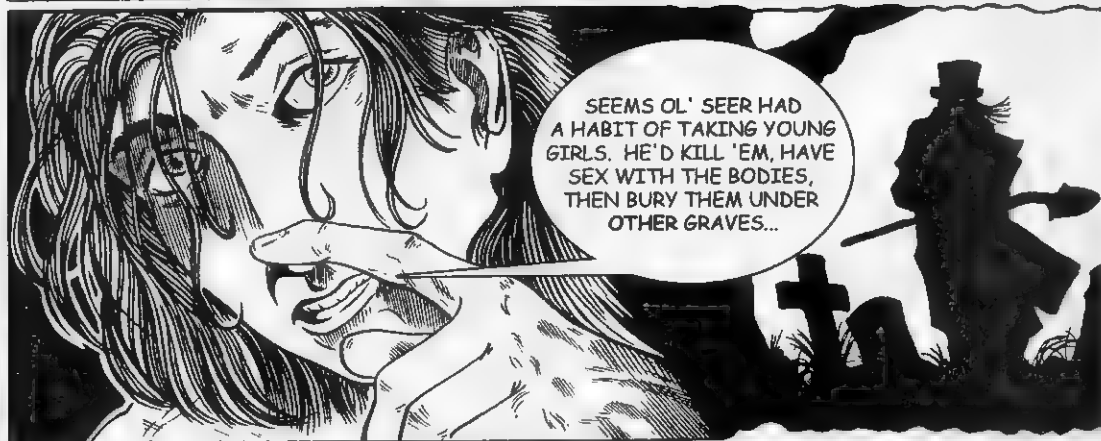
I DON'T BELIEVE
THIS. I AM NOT
HEARING THIS CRAP.

YOU BETTER BELIEVE
IT. DWAYNE CAN TELL
YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

THE STICKMAN
IS FOR REAL.

STOP THE CAR, JOE.
HE'S RIGHT AROUND
HERE SOMEWHERE.
WE CAN SHOW HER.







THIS GIRL, SHE FIGHTS BACK.
SHE RAMS HER FINGERS RIGHT
INTO SEER'S EYES AND POPS
THEM LIKE GRAPES.

SHE RUNS OFF THROUGH THE TOWN,
SCREAMIN' AND A HOLLERIN', AND THE
MEN HAVE SEER, BUCK NAKED AND BLIND
AS A BAT, ALL TIED UP AND DRUG INTO THE
TOWN SQUARE IN NO TIME...



...AND IT AIN'T TOO LONG
BEFORE SOMEONE GETS A ROPE...



SURE.



THEY STRING HIM UP
AND HE STARTS CHOKIN'
AND KICKIN' AND BLEEDIN'
OUT OF HIS MOUTH AND
NOSE. HE, YOU KNOW,
MESSES HIMSELF AND
THOSE EMPTY EYEHOLE
ARE JUST GUSHING PUS
AND BLOOD.

THEN HE GETS ALL STILL
AND JUST HANGS THERE...




...UNTIL ALL AT ONCE HE COMES
TO AND STARTS CLIMBING HAND
OVER HAND UP HIS OWN HANG
ROPE, SNARLIN' AND SCREAMIN'
LIKE A DEMON FROM HELL.



ALL THE WOMEN AND NOT
A FEW OF THE MEN STARTED
SCREAMIN', COMPLETELY
FREAKED. I MEAN, WHO
WOULDN'T, RIGHT?




EXCEPT FOR ONE
OLD DUDE...



...THE FATHER OF ONE
OF THE GIRLS THAT SEER
HAD KILLED...

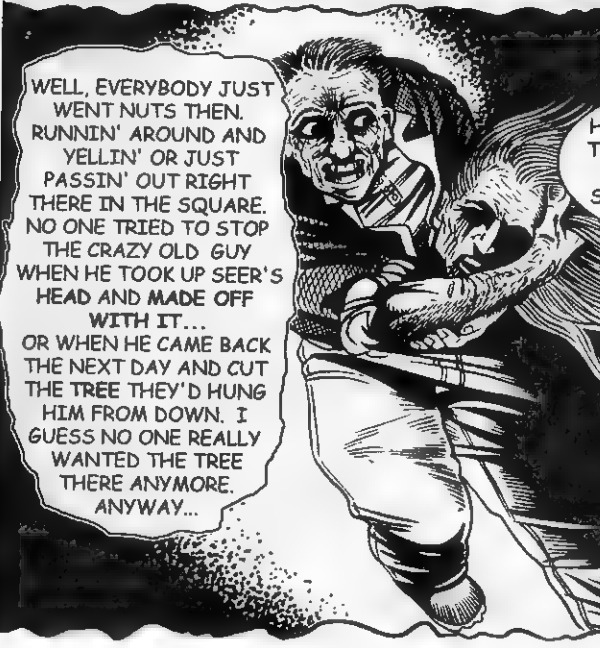


...WHEN HE SAW HIM TRYIN'
TO ESCAPE, WELL...



...HE JUMPED UP AND
GRABBED A HOLD OF
SEER'S LEGS JUST AS
SEER HAD REACHED
THE BRANCH THEY'D
HUNG HIM FROM.
THE OLD DUDE'S WEIGHT
JERKED SEER BACK DOWN
ALL AT ONCE...

...AND SEER'S HEAD
POPPED CLEAN OFF
HIS BODY.



WELL, EVERYBODY JUST
WENT NUTS THEN.
RUNNIN' AROUND AND
YELLIN' OR JUST
PASSIN' OUT RIGHT
THERE IN THE SQUARE.
NO ONE TRIED TO STOP
THE CRAZY OLD GUY
WHEN HE TOOK UP SEER'S
HEAD AND MADE OFF
WITH IT...
OR WHEN HE CAME BACK
THE NEXT DAY AND CUT
THE TREE THEY'D HUNG
HIM FROM DOWN. I
GUESS NO ONE REALLY
WANTED THE TREE
THERE ANYMORE.
ANYWAY...

LET ME GUESS.

HE USED THE WOOD AND
THE HEAD TO MAKE THAT
STUPID LOOKING
SCARECROW OVER THERE.



HOW SUMMER
CAMP OF HIM.




ONE PROBLEM, SPUD

THAT THING OUT
THERE DOESN'T HAVE
SOME MOLDY
NECROPHILIAC'S
HEAD STUCK ON IT.

SEER'S SKULL IS
UNDER THAT BURLAP
SACK, AND THE WOOD
FROM THE TREE THEY
HUNG HIM FROM
MAKES UP HIS FRAME.





WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY THAT,
SPUD?

YEAH? AND HOW DO
I DO THAT?

HOW CAN SO MUCH
CRAP COME OUT OF
ONE MOUTH?

YOU THINK THE
STICKMAN IS MAKE
BELIEVE? THEN
PROVE IT.

TONIGHT IS THE
ANNIVERSARY OF THE
NIGHT THAT SEER WAS
KILLED AND BECAME THE
STICKMAN. EVERY YEAR
ON THIS NIGHT HE
LEAVES THE CORN,
AND GOES LOOKIN'
FOR HIS BODY.

WHATEVER.
ANYWAY, YOU
THINK IT'S ALL CRAP,
THEN YOU WALK OUT
THERE AND LOOK
UNDER THAT BURLAP
MASK YOURSELF.

YOU HAVE GOT
TO BE KIDDING.

CHICKEN?

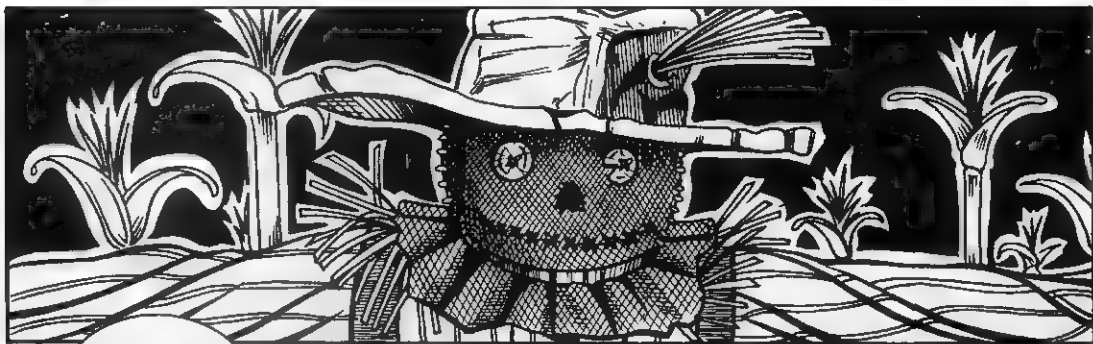
AS IF.

THEN DO IT.
PROVE ME A LIAR.

OKAY, SPUD. BUT
I HAVE A FEW
CONDITIONS...

IF I DO IT, YOU HAVE
TO WALK HOME. FROM HERE.

DEAL.
AND IF YOU DON'T...
YOU HAVE TO GO OUT
WITH ME. ALONE.
AND ACT LIKE YOU
LIKE ME.



DEAL. I HOPE
YOU WORE SOME
COMFORTABLE
SHOES, SPUD.

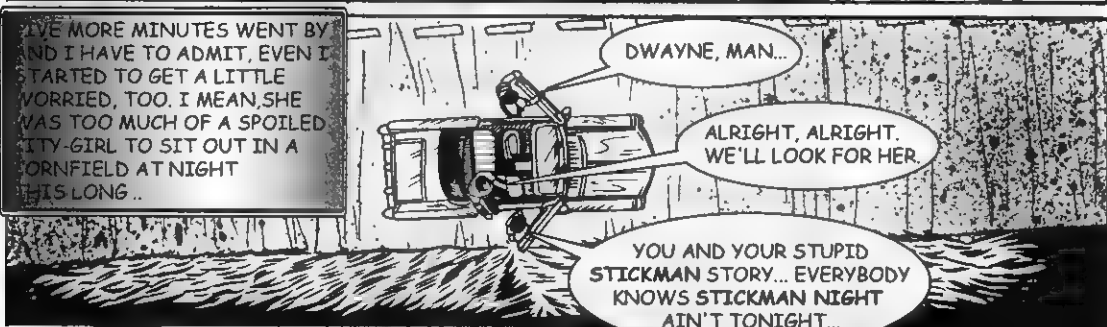
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME, WORRY
ABOUT THE STICKMAN.
BRING BACK HIS HAT,
SO WE'LL KNOW YOU
WENT ALL THE WAY.

JEN... MAYBE
THIS ISN'T SUCH A
GOOD IDEA...

RELAX, WINDY...



...WHAT COULD HAPPEN?





WE SHOULD BE
AT THE SCARECROW
BY NOW... WE MUST
HAVE GOT TURNED
AROUND SOMEHOW.

I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHIN'...



JOE, SWEETY...

YEAH?

...BOOST ME
UP ON YOUR
SHOULDERS.



UNH... OW,
DAMMIT! YOU'RE
PINCHIN'!

OH HUSH AND
QUIT SQUIRMIN',
YOU BIG BABY.



YEAH... THIS IS
A LOT BETTER...

I CAN SEE
OVER THE
CORN...

DO YOU
SEE HER?

I THINK SO...

...WAIT...

...SOMETHING...



OH GOD.

AT FIRST, I THOUGHT
IT WAS JENNIFER...

THOUGHT SHE'D GONE
CRAZY OR SOMETHIN'
AND STABBED WINDY
WITH A BIG STICK...

BUT IT WASN'T JEN.

THAT STICK PULLED
OUT OF WINDY'S BODY
WITH A THICK, SLOPPY
SOUND AS JOE AND I
JUST STOOD THERE
LIKE IDIOTS WITH
OUR MOUTHS HANGIN'
OPEN.. TRYIN' NOT
TO SEE WHAT WE WERE
SEEIN'...

I MEAN, WE'D HEARD THE
STORY OF THE STICKMAN
ALL OUR LIVES... EVERYONE
AROUND HERE KNOWS IT.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS..
I GUESS EVERY TOWN HAS
A SPOOK STORY OR TWO.
BUT YOU DON'T BELIEVE
THEM THEY AREN'T REAL.
WHAT WAS STANDING
THERE IN THAT CORNFIELD
COULDN'T BE REAL.

BUT IT WAS.

IT WAS THE STICKMAN.

IT WAS SEER'S SKULL,
STUCK ON TOP OF THAT
FRAME MADE FROM THE
WOOD OF HIS HANGIN'
TREE... AND HE WAS...
WEARIN'.. JENNIFER..

...WELL, PARTS OF HER.





SOMEHOW, I WASN'T DEAD.
THE STICKMAN FELL RIGHT
OVER AND LAY THERE LIKE
A TURTLE TRYIN' TO FLIP
ITSELF OVER.



IT SEEMED LIKE WE ONLY TOOK A FEW STEPS AND
WE WERE BACK ON THE ROAD, JOE'S CAR RIGHT IN
FRONT OF US... WE WERE EITHER VERY LUCKY, OR
GOD WAS WATCHIN' OVER US.



NO ONE BELIEVED US OF COURSE.
THE COPS TOOK JOE AND ME IN
AFTER WE GOT WINDY SUE TO
THE HOSPITAL. THEY WERE SURE
WE HAD DONE IT, BUT WINDY
PULLED THROUGH AND BACKED
OUR STORY UP WHEN SHE CAME
TO...



THEY STILL KEPT AN
EYE ON US THOUGH.
THEY WEREN'T SURE
ANYMORE WHAT HAD
HAPPENED, BUT NO
ONE THOUGHT IT
WAS THE STICKMAN...
THAT WAS JUST, WELL,
TO CRAZY TO ACCEPT.

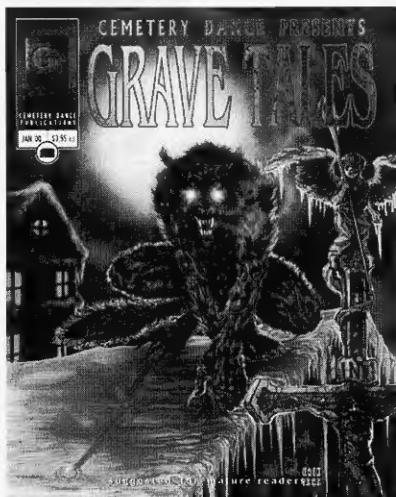
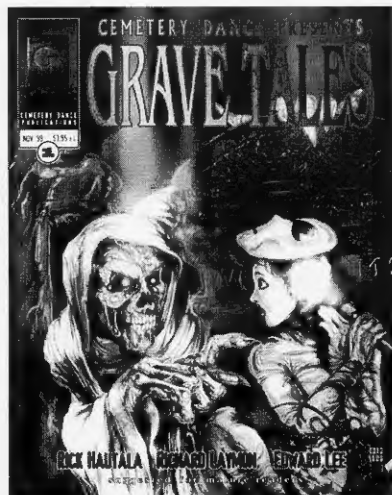
THEY DID GO TO THE CORNFIELD TO
CHECK OUR STORY OUT. ALL THEY
FOUND WAS THE STICKMAN'S DUDS
AND JENNIFER'S HEAD AND HANDS
AND FEET. NOTHIN' ELSE.

MOST OF THEM THINK IT
WAS A CRAZED KILLER
DRESSED UP LIKE THE
STICKMAN AND JOE AND
WINDY AND ME... WE JUST
GOT CONFUSED.

SOMETIMES, I CAN ALMOST
MAKE MYSELF BELIEVE THAT.

ALMOST.

THE END



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